

The World.

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EVEN THE BLACKSMITH!

AND now a Blacksmith Trust! According to a bill in equity filed by direction of Attorney-General Wickersham master horseshoers and proprietors of blacksmith shops throughout the country have succeeded in getting most of the horseshoeing business into their own hands and are planning unreasonable restraint of trade and of the output of shoes, calks, hoof-pads and other articles that blacksmiths sell.

Of all honest, independent, self-respecting toilers the world has honored, the blacksmith has always stood among the first. It is a trade that makes for strength, self-reliance, manly integrity and freedom. "Under his spreading chestnut tree" the village blacksmith has stood for generations as the supreme type of honorable worker.

Now he too is a trust. His "brown and sinewy hands" are finger-fing for monopoly and fat dividends.

What has happened to him? What has happened to other old-time workmen?

England is sullenly debating the right of locomotive engineers to get drunk. Why question it?

What is progress if not that everybody has less and less to do and a more enlightened contempt for doing it? There is too much profit in work to leave any room for pride.

NOTHING LEFT FOR THE LAMBS.

WE HAVE heard much about Wall street honor. From the testimony of Mr. Sturgis, in the course of what he called "a Stock Exchange answer to a moral question," we gather that Wall street honor is a purely local commodity. To have it or get the benefit of it you must belong to the Eleven Hundred of the Pit. The first duty of the broker is to the Exchange and to his fellow brokers. Customers are a secondary consideration.

After honor has been passed around in Wall street there is mighty little of it left for outsiders.

MAKE IT THE RULE.

WE ARE glad Mr. Taft is going around the world. Glad for his sake, because he loves the handbag and time-table life, and glad that this country can send out a globe trotter so distinguished, so kindly, so certain to be welcomed. It might be a good idea for Congress to establish a precedent and make an appropriation to give all our ex-Presidents the same trip. Besides being a neat acknowledgment of their services and our esteem, it would do the rest of the world lots of good. Some of our "Ex's," like Mr. Taft, can talk peace to the nations of the earth and soothe 'em, while others can tear around, shout and shoot and stir 'em up pleasantly. Anyway, most ex-Presidents are interesting and sociable and sure to do us credit and get us talked about. It would be a delicate and generous attention to the world at large to give everybody a chance to know them.

ALL FOR POSTERITY.

THE ESTEEMED Brooklyn Eagle, scandalized by doubts recently expressed in this column as to posterity's gratitude for being loaded with printed matter of the present day, is spurred to action:

The Eagle differs from The Evening World in believing that newspaper files are of value to posterity, and it proposes to print a limited daily edition on paper prepared according to the American Chemical Society's formula—to meet the demand of libraries and individuals.

The Evening World never doubted the value of newspapers to posterity. It only hoped the present would not be overgenerous in converting its masses of printed matter into a state of imperishable petrification and indelibility. Noting the effect of its remarks upon the Eagle, The Evening World can only congratulate itself upon having startled that worthy newspaper to such excellent purpose, and beg posterity to give us a little of the credit.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Died Dec. 14, 1799.

George Washington, without the genius of a Julius Caesar or Napoleon Bonaparte, has a far purer fame, as his ambition was of a higher and holier nature. Instead of seeking to raise his own name, or seize supreme power, he devoted his whole talents, military and civil, to the establishment of the independence and the perpetuity of the liberties of his own country.

In modern history no man has done such great things without the loss of selfishness or the stain of a groveling ambition. Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon attained a higher elevation, but the love of dominion was the spur that drove them on. John Hampden, William Russell, Algernon Sydney, may have had motives as pure, and an ambition as sustained; but they fell.

To George Washington alone in modern times has it been given to accomplish a wonderful revolution, and yet to remain to all future times the theme of a people's gratitude, and an example of virtuous and beneficent power.—Earl Russell.

The Day's Good Stories

For Emergencies.

IN some of the college settlements there are a few money-making houses for children. One Saturday a small boy arrived with an important air and withdrew two cents from his account. Monday morning he promptly returned the money. "You didn't spend your two cents," observed the worker in charge. "Oh, no," he replied, "but a fellow just came to have a little cash on hand over Sunday."—Harper's Magazine.

Big Game.

IN Savannah, Ga., where visitors chartered an old sailing bark driven by a negro. The driver was a knowing old fellow and pointed out all the scenes of interest along the route. As they were nearing Mr. Beane's place, which

is four miles from Savannah, a squirrel appeared in the road. "George," said one, after they all had noticed the squirrel, "do you have any big game around here?" "Yes, indeed, sah," replied the negro. "We has plenty!"—Montgomery Journal.

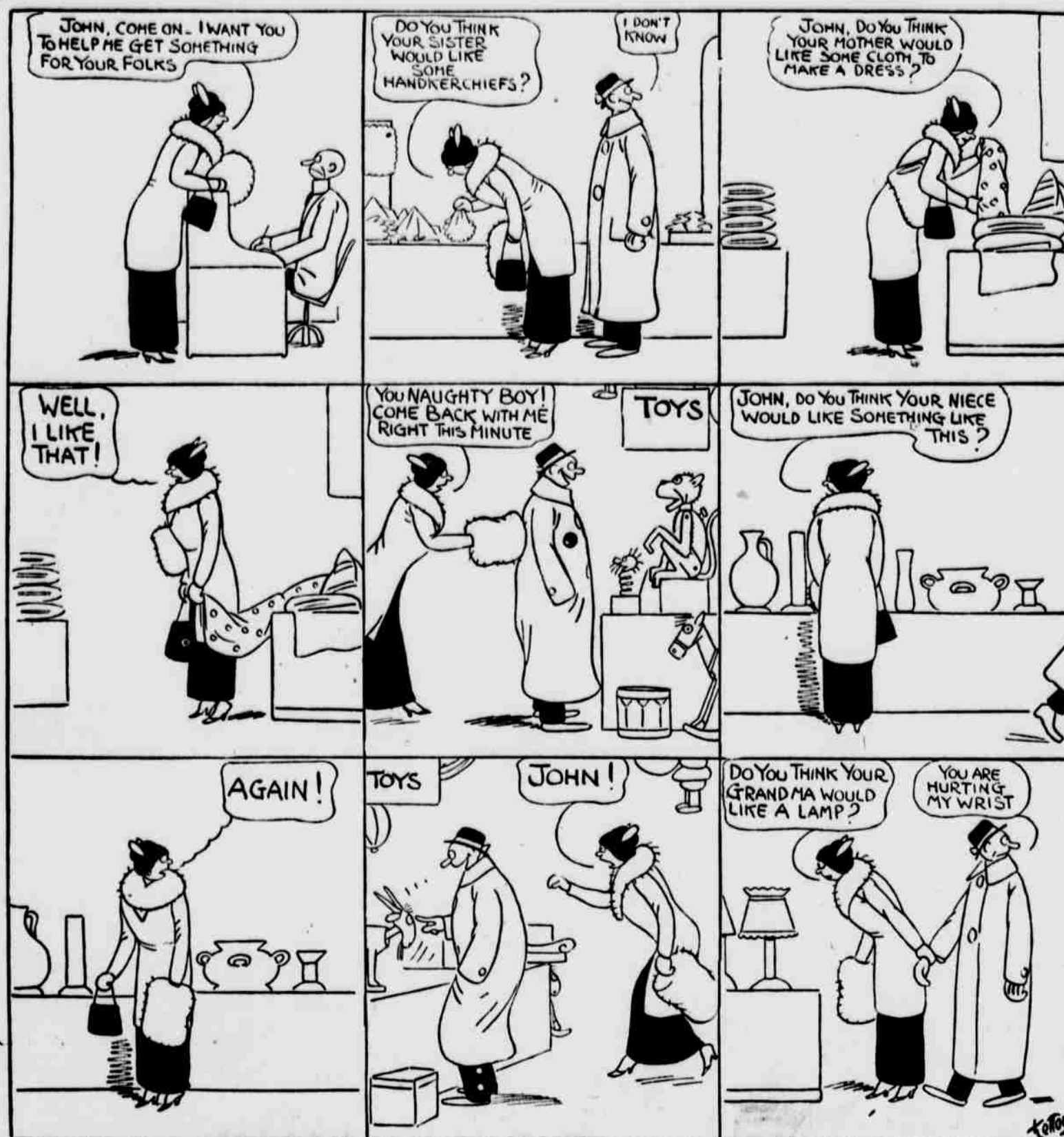
The Little Too Much.

IT was a beautiful evening and Ole, who had crept up courage to take Mary for a ride, was carried away by the magic of the night. "Mary," he asked, "will you marry me?" "Yes, Ole," she answered softly. "You loved into someone that at last became painful to his fiancée." "Ole," she said, desperately, "why don't you say something?" "Ay, tak," Ole replied, "that's how too much said himself!"—One Pennine Standard.

Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

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THE PERFECT LADIES' MAGAZINE this month starts off with an editorial on "The Christmas Spirit," she went on. "And has nothing but kindly Christmas pictures showing little tots racing in from the frosty streets at the luxurious Christmas in millionaires' mansions, and they almost break your heart! And all the other Christmas numbers of all the papers and magazines are the same, with their pictures of old maids under the mistletoe, and 'Christmas in Many Lands,' and all the other cheerful Christmas things, but when you hear what I heard this day you'd say as I say, 'Who can one trust these days?'"

"That's a coincidence. I was just in Gu-I mean Slavinsky's—and heard Muller, the grocer, and Bepler, the butcher, saying the same thing," said Mr. Jarr. "They don't know who to trust, either!"

"Oh, bother the old tradesmen!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Just at a time when one needs every cent one can get to buy Christmas remembrance of love and cheer, that awful man Bepler sends his half-witted boy, Gussie—named after

our friend the saloonkeeper, to haul up the dumbwaiter shaft that his father says he isn't to send up the meat till the money's sent down first!"

"And as for that man Muller, he's mailing his Christmas cards to every customer of his old grocery store. He sent me one just today of a weeping wail shivering in a wretched tenement kitchen over an empty stocking, with an inscription, in gold letters, 'May Yours Too Be a Joyous Xmas!' Then he had written on it in purple ink. The balance is \$25.61. Please remit."

"And you never can forgive Bepler, the butcher, or Muller, the grocer, for the compliments of the season in question?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I told you I wasn't talking about the butcher and grocer at all! And just for being impudent, I won't pay them till I'm ready, either! You know whom I mean—those dreadful Cackelberry

girls of Philadelphia. The deceit, the duplicity of them! Ugh!"

"The Misses Cackelberry are both bad eggs, so to speak," inquired Mr. Jarr. "Oh, you mustn't speak of them that way!" remarked Mrs. Jarr quickly. "They are good girls and of a very refined family, but I guess they inherit their deceit from their mother. She sent them to visit me and eloped with the young man paying attention to the daughters. Of course, Mrs. Cackelberry was a widow, and that makes it romantic, but it was a dirty trick, and Irene Cackelberry and Viola Cackelberry are two-faced, trouble-making minxes. But you mustn't say a word against them because I entertained them and, surely, if I entertained them, they are girls against whom nobody can say a word! So please criticize your own friends!"

"Name one," said Mr. Jarr firmly. But Mrs. Jarr only shook her head and said no one seemed to be worthy of trust these days.

"What have the flappers from Philadelphia done now?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why they have used every artifice to lure Jack Silver to Philadelphia. He admitted it to Clara Mudridge-Smith."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jarr. "To lure Jack Silver to Philadelphia you'd have to blindfold him and back him on the train like a horse."

"But they did, I tell you, they did!" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "They wrote to Jack Silver and told him the designing married woman who had him in her toils had boasted he would never marry until she was a widow. And they told him if he'd come to Philadelphia they would tell him more. Of course, Jack Silver is too much of a gentleman to show a letter a girl has written him, but he let Clara see Viola Cackelberry's signature on one letter and Irene Cackelberry's on another, and then he let her see the written words implying that Clara Mudridge-Smith was a siren."

"Oh, well, you should worry and get crosses in your countenance!" said Mr. Jarr. "What is it to you?"

"It's a great deal to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "We have a little daughter. Suppose when she grows up and has some millionaire's son infatuated with her that she should have a sweetheart from her?"

"Well," said Mr. Jarr calmly, "by the time our little Emma is old enough to have beaux the Misses Cackelberry will be pretty old lady snakes."

"But the principle is the same, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "And just as I said, who can you trust these days?"

Mrs. Jarr Discourses of Serpents, Sweethearts and Millionaires

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2.—HIS RAISE.

What She Said to Her Husband:

YOU make me tired. You'd go right along in the same little rut all your life, wouldn't you? You haven't got the gumption to pass a Canadian dime!

Your ideas are about as big as a hazel nut. As long as you can pay the rent, smoke three-for-a-quarter cigars and get your shoes shined twice a week, you think you're on Easy Street and you don't even dream of anything higher.

Here you've held down this job for seven years and you're getting just five dollars a week more when you first went there. Haven't you got any backbone? Do you want to spend your last days in an Old Man's Home where your friends'll bring you a bag of oranges and some chewing tobacco when they come to visit you?

Why don't you strike for a raise? Take a drink if you need it, to massage your courage, and go up and STRIKE! YOU know you're not worth it and I know you're not. But make the boss think you are. My goodness! Nobody gets anything 'cept on bluff nowadays.

And you—why, say—you'd drop three acres without a murmur before a pair of deuces at the first raise with an amateur holding the hand at that!

You GOTTA get a raise, that's all there is to it. My fur is dying a slow death of the mange and I gotta get a new set. Don't sit at your desk chewing the corners off of pads, wondering whether the boss is in a good humor. Just go up, bold, and STRIKE!

What He Said to Her:

RAISE? You? Great guns, man, don't you get a little more to do on down your knees every night and thank your lucky stars that you're not fired every Saturday of your life? You notice I don't say "On Saturday," I say "EVERY Saturday."

I was thinking the other day of cutting down the staff—expenses are getting pretty heavy—and I was wondering

who'd be the first to let go. And do you know what I thought? I picked you up as the favorite, head and shoulders above every other candidate to be canned!

You see, if you hadn't brought this on yourself, most likely I'd have let you go on dreaming; but now that you actually demand the information, I want to tell you that if I never do another uncharitable act my whole life through I deserve one of those eighteen karat crowns hereafter for having tolerated a boob like you for seven years.

Be glad that you're alive and put an extra quarter in the plate next Sunday, just as a peace offering!

What He Told His Wife:

YES, I did just as you said I should, my dear. No, I DIDN'T get it. But, taking it all in all, the whole interview was very satisfactory. Although he wasn't profuse in his commendation, he gave me to understand, in a very subtle way, that my services were practically indispensable to the firm.

Of course, men are never demonstrative. A few cordial words from the head of the house means more than all the hysterical ravings that women are apt to indulge in. And he said those few words.

He intimated that times were hard and profits were small, and that the rest of the staff is practically dead timber. And, in between the lines of his intimation, I read that, if ever it became possible, I'd be the first to have an increase.

Oh, of course I could have stormed about and said rude things and threatened to resign if I didn't get it. And I daresay that he'd have consented to almost anything rather than let me go—but I hate to play a mean trick on a man who's been really considerate.

So I'll give him a little time to think it over—to get his breath, as it were. Then I'll go and hammer him again!

What She Thought:

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Sayings of MRS. SOLOMON. BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF THE SEVEN HUNDREDTH WIFE TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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HEARKEN, my Daughter, unto the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Bachelors:

Now, the Wise Bachelor was like unto the Wise Virgin that keepeth her hair curled, and the chafing-dish in readiness and the cheer upon the ice.

For in the early days of December he went forth into the highways and byways and began the gathering of JUNK.

And when he returned he bore with him seven copies of the Rubaiyat and seven silver curling irons and sundry pairs of gloves and divers lace handkerchiefs and silken scarfs and other slight and NON-COMMITTAL things.

Then, behold, when Christmas Day had arrived and the ringing of his doorbell began to smite upon his ears, heralding the approach of woe! neckties and sofa pillows and embroidered smoking jackets and ash raccoons and other PERSECUTIONS, he brought forth his gleanings and bound them up indiscriminately in neat parcels, writing the SAME tender message upon each and despatching it post-haste by messenger unto each dear damsel.

And all were delighted thereat and cried:

"How thoughtful!"

Yet in his heart he knew not WHAT thing he had sent unto any damsel. For it was "all the same to him!"

But the Foolish Bachelor forebore to think of the hour of his trouble until the Day was at hand.

Then did he hasten forth in acute agony to SELECT something for each of his three Best Beloveds.

Yet when he had come unto the Great Shops he found naught but snow and bedlam and crush and confusion, and he yearned to flee in terror.

In his head were strange buzzings and the counters dodged before him. Nay, he could not come within three feet of one of them.

Alas, he was a stranger in a strange land, where women babbled in an unknown tongue.

He trod upon ruffles and received umbrellas within the eye.

But when he was utterly crushed and confounded and would have fled the PRETTIEST clerk sought him out and approached him with words of sympathy, saying:

"Come, let ME help thee. Yea, be guided by MINE advice."

And he fell before her and was as putty in her hands.

And lo, though he had entered thinking to purchase a bangle of gold and a set of Kipling, behold he went forth bearing an ice-cream freezer and a book of psalms.

Yet his heart was light and he cried out with great joy:

"Allah be praised! THAT'S over!"

But when he had brought the spoils of his labors home and looked at them he had not the courage wherewith to offer them unto ANY woman, but hid them in his closet and ordered up orchids and violets and roses from the Florist's in his stead.

For unto a woman the purchasing of Christmas offerings for her Beloved is a delectation.

But unto a man it is a VISITATION! Behold!

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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WASH, remarked the head washer, "the Aldermanic Committee seems to have put something new across at last."

"The field is open," said the laundry man. "There are other leaders than that opened up by Mary Goode. The Aldermanic Committee has brought out pretty conclusively that graft is collected in a systematic way from the keepers of illegal resorts, but thus far the chief evidence has been given by a woman who claims she was 'looked up' and who has contradicted herself."

"If the Aldermanic Committee detectives had been wise they would have put up a job on the people named by Mary Goode. She gave them the names of those who, she said, were collecting graft in various ways. By sending a smart woman detective into the situation there might have been a round-up with several people in the Tombs instead of leaving denials from their places of business as to the statements of Mary Goode."

"Everybody who lives in New York and gets around knows that graft is rampant. Thousands of respectable men are running on a tightrope, waiting until it comes up to make the change. Whether Mr. Wilcox sticks or is allowed to lapse himself into private life there will be the biggest roar since Mayor Gaynor appointed his first Republican to office."

Under the control of the Public Service Commission, in one Mr. Wilcox is not reappointed, there will be hundreds of nice fat jobs. Many of them pay from \$3,000 to \$5,000, to \$10,000 a year. If a Democrat succeeds Mr. Wilcox the Commission will be Democratic and it will be the open season for Democratic job chasers. Loud cries and gets around knows that graft is rampant. Thousands of respectable men are running on a tightrope, waiting until it comes up to make the change. Whether Mr. Wilcox sticks or is allowed to lapse himself into private life there will be the biggest roar since Mayor Gaynor appointed his first Republican to office."

"I have talked to policemen who know their game and they say that the only remedy for grafting on disorderly places is that proposed by Mary Goode. Make a distinction between vice and crime, take the disorderly house and gambling businesses out of the criminal code, and therefore out of police supervision, and turn the regulation of the social and gambling evils over to a board or commission."

"Will we ever do it? Not unless there arises some man of so commanding a character that he can dissipate the cloud of hypocrisy that hangs over this town. The great mass of the people are indifferent. The busy people are the fanatics. The fanatics are all extremists, and extremists in morals are constitutional hypocrites. We go on the principle that what we don't see doesn't exist. To follow out the idea of putting disorderly houses and gambling houses in control of a commission would be an admission that such places exist, and the loud minority of hypocrites can all

begin to discover that any kind of a stock deal in Wall Street was a scam, and the brokers have been largely living off each other ever since."

Two Years Too Late.

"SEEK," said the head polisher, "that the Stock Exchange people admit that selling stocks is a gamble."

"Along about a couple of years ago," said the laundryman, "the dear public

began to discover that any kind of a stock deal in Wall Street was a scam, and the brokers have been largely living off each other ever since."

Birds Big Eaters.

BABY robins have been observed to eat half their own weight of beef scraps, digest all this within three hours and then be ready for another meal, says Suburban Life.

A pair of red-eyed vireos were noted by a naturalist to feed their offspring over a hundred times in ten hours. Grobbers, sworn enemies of the Colorado potato beetle, have been seen to assimilate about a hundred caterpillars or larvae an hour. Over three thousand aphids have perished by the bills of the insect-eating yellowthroats in the same period of time.